

The People's Press.

VOL. XXV.

SALEM, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1877.

*The People's Press.*L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year..... \$2.00

" six months..... 1.00

" three months..... .75

LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CLUBS.

Milly Midge's Letter.

Mil Agot Harry Bassett, having distributed the contents of the Government packages taken on the train at Wood City, lit a cigar, and threw himself into his longing chair. He was the sole occupant of postal car No. 29, and he must have felt lonely with the mail boxes looking at him like so many expressionless demons. To his right a row of mail pouches, some well-filled, others almost empty, and the stove at his left kept the apartment warm.

It was a crisp November night, and Mr. Bassett had just left Wood City; weather prophets predict a fall of snow before sun down. Harry was styled a half-frozen man at home, and during the winter days and nights his stove was kept red, and, consequently, warmer blooded persons, like the conductor and messenger, kept out of the postal car.

What the mail agent felt to thinking about that night I do not know. He had a little family one hundred miles away, and doubtless his thoughts were with Ellen and the children.

The car was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, over one of the smoothest roads in the country. Harry Bassett's thoughts might be travelling faster than the train, and in an opposite direction.

He was far from asleep, but very thoughtful, when he became conscious of the presence of another person in the mail couch. His back was to the door, which opened upon the sole platform that the coach boasted of, and he had not heard the portal open or close. Still, as the car moved on, the car, and the passenger, filled the agent, with a feeling akin to fear.

"Work like the bee," said the girl. "If I catch you fooling, I'll hunt for the letter myself and you will then be dead. Look for Milly Midge's name in flourishing letters, for such kind he always makes. If you only knew how eager I am to read what he says. He will tell me when he is coming back to take me to the church."

Her voice, despite the place, hour and situation, had a charm for imperiled Harry Bassett.

He thought it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and he wondered whence came the poor girl, evidently crossed in love.

As just he was among the letters of the through mail, passing them through his hands, and apparently reading the superscription of each.

Milly Midge watched him closely with a great deal of anxiety.

"No letter," Bassett said, as he crumpled the missives back into the sack, and the girl sighed again and echoed these words.

She was standing so near the mail agent that he might have touched her with his hand, but he was stooping, she standing erect.

"Look into this sack," she said, touching a large white canvas mail pouch with her dainty foot, until that moment concealed. "My letter must be in there. You have examined the other sack through. Look in here for Milly Midge's name—don't forget it. It will not be Milly Midge much longer. Do you see that ring?"

And with pride she displayed the glittering ring on her engagement finger.

Harry Bassett fell upon the white sack, which he unlocked with ease, as he held its key.

He was praying for the presence of the conductor or messenger, for he knew that he had forty miles still to run before the train would stop and release him.

There stood the presence which had affrighted him.

In the mellow rays of the lamp stood the little figure of manhood, and the postal service man felt like laughing at himself.

The girl, for Harry Bassett's visitor had not passed seventeen summers, though-beautiful. The very pallor of her face, delicately molded and almost classic in outline, gave her a spiritual expression not to be described. Her eyes were black and full of lustre, and her hair, which seemingly had escaped from the comb, fell in waves over her shoulders. She was heavily clad, and there was a crested ring on the betrothal finger.

Harry Bassett, naturally quick of comprehension, took in everything at a glance; but could not find it within himself to break the silence and discuss what might, after all, be but a dream.

But the silence was broken, while he debated, by the visitor.

She came forward with her eyes fixed on the leap of pouches, not on the surprised agent, and said:

"I want my letter!"

She spoke imperative, but in a voice as soft and sweet as the midnight zephyrs of the prairies.

"Your letter?" said the agent, with wonderment in his eyes. "Indeed, miss, I have no letter for you."

"It is in there," she replied, pointing to the mail pouch, and was turning them over slowly. At once he heard a sound.

His heart leaped into his throat, as it were, for the dog had opened!

The mad girl did not seem to hear it, and Harry Bassett feared that he would bring the approach of succor when he looked up into her face.

"What is the name?" he asked quietly. "Milly Midge," was the answer. "Oho! did you find the letter? I knew it was in the white sack."

She was putting forth her hand when Harry Bassett caught a glimpse of the conductor's beard beyond her, and he nodded at the apartment.

The next moment a piercing shriek filled the postal car, and Milly Midge was in the conductor's arms.

Bassett drew a breath of relief and rose to his feet.

"You do not know that my name is MILLY MIDGE!" she said, as her hand crept into the slender pocket of her dress. Therefore, you know nothing about my letters. The one he promised to write me is in this case—it is that bag! Did he not say, 'I will send a letter down Thursday night,' when he left me? Aye, he did, and he has never broken his word. This is Thursday night, and my letter is in the sack. You will please to open it. Look for Milly Midge's name."

Bassett knew not what to do. He dared not cut the sack, and in no other way could he get at its contents. He knew the penalty attached to such a course of procedure, and he thought of the little family that depended on him for life.

The mad girl—for she was undoubtedly mad—never removed her eyes from the mail agent, and when he stooped over the sack with a bunch of keys, came forward, smiling, out of pure curiosity.

Her hand still remains in her pocket.

Bassett guessed what the hidden fingers clutched.

He tried the keys on the locks of the through sack, but of course none fitted them.

"This is the through mail, Miss Midge," he said, in the blandest tone he could assume. "I can't open it."

"Cut it with your knife."

"Such an act would send me to the penitentiary."

Then the girl's pale hand left her pocket, and the postal service man caught the gliter of a revolver's barrel.

"Milly Midge wants her letter!" she said. "You must look for it in this strong bag!"

Bassett drew his knife, and with a groan fell to work on the tough leather.

"Work like the bee," said the girl. "If I catch you fooling, I'll hunt for the letter myself and you will then be dead. Look for Milly Midge's name in flourishing letters, for such kind he always makes. If you only knew how eager I am to read what he says. He will tell me when he is coming back to take me to the church."

Her voice, despite the place, hour and situation, had a charm for imperiled Harry Bassett.

He thought it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, and he wondered whence came the poor girl, evidently crossed in love.

As just he was among the letters of the through mail, passing them through his hands, and apparently reading the superscription of each.

Milly Midge watched him closely with a great deal of anxiety.

"No letter," Bassett said, as he crumpled the missives back into the sack, and the girl sighed again and echoed these words.

She was standing so near the mail agent that he might have touched her with his hand, but he was stooping, she standing erect.

"Look into this sack," she said, touching a large white canvas mail pouch with her dainty foot, until that moment concealed. "My letter must be in there. You have examined the other sack through. Look in here for Milly Midge's name—don't forget it. It will not be Milly Midge much longer. Do you see that ring?"

And with pride she displayed the glittering ring on her engagement finger.

Harry Bassett fell upon the white sack, which he unlocked with ease, as he held its key.

He was praying for the presence of the conductor or messenger, for he knew that he had forty miles still to run before the train would stop and release him.

I will not deny that Bassett almost expected a blow on the head, when he suddenly thought of the "Gambler" small boy he had received at Wood City. The postmaster himself had handed him the pouches, and had informed him the contents were worth twenty thousand dollars. And while distributing in the car, Bassett had remained to himself upon the unusual number of registered letters, each of which was very valuable. Perhaps the visitor was a mail robber? And it was not until this thought passed into Bassett's brain that he whirled his lounge, and turned his face toward the other end of the car.

There stood the presence which had affrighted him.

In the mellow rays of the lamp stood the little figure of manhood, and the postal service man felt like laughing at himself.

The girl, for Harry Bassett's visitor had not passed seventeen summers, though-beautiful. The very pallor of her face, delicately molded and almost classic in outline, gave her a spiritual expression not to be described. Her eyes were black and full of lustre, and her hair, which seemingly had escaped from the comb, fell in waves over her shoulders. She was heavily clad, and there was a crested ring on the betrothal finger.

Harry Bassett, naturally quick of comprehension, took in everything at a glance; but could not find it within himself to break the silence and discuss what might, after all, be but a dream.

But the silence was broken, while he debated, by the visitor.

She came forward with her eyes fixed on the leap of pouches, not on the surprised agent, and said:

"I want my letter!"

She spoke imperative, but in a voice as soft and sweet as the midnight zephyrs of the prairies.

"Your letter?" said the agent, with wonderment in his eyes. "Indeed, miss, I have no letter for you."

"It is in there," she replied, pointing to the mail pouch, and was turning them over slowly. At once he heard a sound.

His heart leaped into his throat, as it were,

for the dog had opened!

The mad girl did not seem to hear it, and Harry Bassett feared that he would bring the approach of succor when he looked up into her face.

"What is the name?" he asked quietly. "Milly Midge," was the answer. "Oho! did you find the letter? I knew it was in the white sack."

She was putting forth her hand when Harry Bassett caught a glimpse of the conductor's beard beyond her, and he nodded at the apartment.

The next moment a piercing shriek filled the postal car, and Milly Midge was in the conductor's arms.

Bassett drew a breath of relief and rose to his feet.

"You do not know that my name is MILLY MIDGE!" she said, as her hand crept into the slender pocket of her dress. Therefore, you know nothing about my letters. The one he promised to write me is in this case—it is that bag! Did he not say, 'I will send a letter down Thursday night,' when he left me? Aye, he did, and he has never broken his word. This is Thursday night, and my letter is in the sack. You will please to open it. Look for Milly Midge's name."

Bassett had escaped from confinement several days prior to the night on which she had board ed Harry Bassett's train to hunt for the letter which NEVER came.

Milly Midge is dead now—poor thing! She sleeps peacefully, and Harry Bassett, when musing in his postal car between Wood City and R——, is sure to think of her.

Letter From Hon. J. M. Leach.

HIS EXPLANATION EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of the News:

Under a sort of compulsion, I wrote a letter some weeks since—a plain, candid letter—giving my views at some length and defining my position, in reply to newspaper inquiries and attacks of my own party.

I still stand squarely, by every word and sentence of that letter, because the truths and principles therein set forth are becoming more manifest, and meet, as I am glad to learn, the sanction and cordial approval of an honest people.

All those who are friendly to my views and position easily understand the letter, while those who are hostile find it incomprehensible and of doubtful meaning. But I take leave to say, that any candid editor or other person who has read the letter, and then claims to find any *sensibility* in it of doubtful meaning, or *ambiguity*, must be a knave or a fool.

In this communication I shall be brief. I am being held responsible for any and every dispute and communication, however false, foolish or sensational; that anybody of either party, from any quarter or in any newspaper from Main to Texas may put forth in connection with my name. Is this altogether fair and just to me?

The *News* finds relief, I hope, in its exhortant *irony* and *wit*; *irony* in naming me "the Lexington Statesman," and *wit* (after waging and torturing my letter to suit the purpose,) in quoting that wretched doggerel which they will never do. *Amen! not right!* And thus I mean to stand, as I think, by and with the patriotic, peace-loving people of the State—approving the right, condemning the wrong—denouncing sectional agitators and restless extremists, whether North or South; whether a *Blair* or a *Bourbon*.

J. M. LEACH.

Lexington, July 23, 1877.

P. S.—I hope the *Observer*, and all papers in the State willing, to do me justice, will copy this letter.

J. M. L.

"Several newspaper paragraphs aimed at Hon. J. M. Leach, charging him with making efforts to organize a new party, or attempting to reorganize the old Whig party, have attracted attention in other States than his own, placing him in a difficult position, and evoking from him a trenchant letter, in which he places himself right before the people. The South has not a truer son to her interest than is Gen. Leach; nor can the small fry politicians succeed in tarnishing his enviable reputation as a public man."

I tell you sir, there is an ominous fatality attending violent partisans and sectional extremists in this country that fills me with horror, and that the millions shoulder, for what American citizen can ever forget the terrible consequences that befell the country from their united councils seventeen years ago? And the lesson I learned from this terrible warning serves to impress me more firmly in my position and principles than ever before. I am glad to learn, that distinguished gentlemen, editors and politicians who are now against me, or complaining of course, at no distant day will have to come to my defense, or go over to the Northern agitators of the country's peace, who have again commenced their wicked work of stirring up sectional hatred.

I stand by my letter in my cordial support of the Administration when right, and in opposition when in my judgment it is wrong. Can't a man do this and still be a good Democrat? I can, and I will. The President, to it said in his honor, has restored constitutional liberty and local self-government to two sister States and my distinguished friend, (and I am proud of his friendship,) the noble Hampton, peacefully took his seat in the executive chair, where he sits with so much dignity and justice, redeeming, day by day, his patriotic pledges.

The President is also sinking heroic and honorable efforts to reform the corruptions and extravagances of the civil service system, and everybody knows the Southern Democrats must support him, or give aid to violent radical extremists, which they will never do. *Amen! not right!* And thus I mean to stand, as I think, by and with the patriotic, peace-loving people of the State—approving the right, condemning the wrong—denouncing sectional agitators and restless extremists, whether North or South; whether a *Blair* or a *Bourbon*.

J. M. LEACH.

Lexington, July 23, 1877.

P. S.—I hope the *Observer*, and all papers in the State willing, to do me justice, will copy this letter.

J. M. L.

Dry Times.

In the summer of 1862, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1874, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1889, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1894, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1704, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1720, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1769, 21 days in succession without

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1877.

Railroad Election in Surry, to-day, Thursday.

GOV. HAMPTON'S MARCH.—We are under obligations to Messrs. Ludder & Bates, publishers, Savannah, Georgia, for a popular piece of music, entitled as above.

MR. T. W. STEEDMAN, a promising young lawyer of Marshall, Texas, died a few days since. He was the oldest son of Major William Steedman, who emigrated to Texas from Chat-ham County about 26 years ago.

THE MONROE SHOOTING AFFAIR.—Last fall we noticed the circumstances of the shooting of T. B. Rickard, the son of Geo. W. Rickard, of Davie County, in the town of Monroe, Union County.

Mr. G. W. Rickard writes us that "last October, when in Monroe, he went to see Weills, in prison, and asked him why he killed his son. He answered, because I was drunk, and I fear will never be forgiven, was much affected and cried."

T. B. Rickard was a tobacco trader, sold Well some tobacco and the shooting was the result of misunderstanding in the settlement of the trade. Well being under the influence of liquor, according to his confession as stated above.

The Turkish-Russian War.

Turkey seems to be a lull in the Eastern war. The Russians are, however, engaged in burrying troops to the advanced positions on the road to Adrianople, and the Turks are strengthening their interior lines of defense.

This is a Picnic in Constantinople.

A TURK.—A battle is reported to have been in progress, on the 30th, at Pleven, in which, so far as heard from, the Russians retreated. The battle lasted till 10 o'clock at night, and it was expected would be resumed next day.

The Platform Adopted by the Ohio Convention.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 26.—The platform opposes subsidies and favors the preservation of public lands for actual settlers and school purposes; declares destruction of industry and pauperization labor, the result of fraudulent and vicious legislation by the Republican party, demands an immediate repeal of the resumption act and the reparation of silver; asserts greenbacks to be the best paper currency we ever had, and declares against further contractions.

6th.—We congratulate the country upon the acceptance by the present administration of the constitutional and pacific policy of local self-government in the States South, so long advocated by the Democratic party, which has brought peace and harmony to that section of the Union.

PENALTY OF THE LAW.—The citizens of Pittsburgh, who stood by and permitted the mob to destroy and plunder whole trains of freight, buildings and railroad stock, it is probable may be compelled to make good the losses. If so, Pittsburgh will have to submit to a levy on its valuation roll of \$2.61 in \$100 of taxable property, or rather more than one-fortieth of the total amount. This is equivalent to a fine of \$32.15 laid upon every man, woman and child in the city to compensate the injured parties, or to an annual impost of \$2.25 per capita to meet the interest at seven per cent. of the bonds issued to clear the indebtedness.

DIAZ THIUMPHANT.—A special dispatch from San Antonio to the Galveston News says:

"Gen. Narino, commander of the Mexican troops Piedras Negras, on being informed of the arrest of Gen. Escobedo and his suite at Ringgold barracks, thanked Gen. Ord for the same, and notified him that General Pedro Valdez, who was in Texas, and who it was stated, was about to cross the river to try conclusions with Narino in favor of Lerdo, has come into Piedras Negras, with his officers, and surrendered to the Diaz government, and that he (Narino) has pardoned them. This is the end of the Lerdo party in Texas. Gen. Escobedo and suite are under bonds, and Pedro Valdez has surrendered."

THE GEORGIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION on the 23rd ult., adopted the Bill of Rights. The bill recognizes all races of citizens and pledges all protection in their rights of citizenship. Imprisonment for debt and whipping for crime are prohibited. The bill declares that the right of changing the constitution or form of the government is the sole and inherent right of the people of the State.

INTERESTING DECISIONS.—On our first page will be found several interesting legal decisions, among them the conflict of jurisdiction, the supreme court holding with Judge Cox, in favor of the "claim of United States officers to remove their trials for violating State laws from the State to the United States Courts."

This decision meets with condemnation among the respectable portion of the press throughout the State, as subversive of the rights of the States, and calculated to lower the respect and esteem for the members of the court.

Judge Rodman filed a dissenting opinion, and the case will go up to the United States Supreme Court.

All babies are diminutive Caesars, since they come, they say, they conquer. Sometimes by their gentle silence out-numbered by continued and sanguineous crying induced by Cole, Teeling, Philatene, etc. Dr. Bally's Baby Syrup by its gentle yet specific influence quietts the little ones without over producing the least injurious effect. Price only 25 cents per bottle.

THE STRIKE SUBSIDING.

Since our last issue, the Railroad strike has been gradually subsiding; law and order is being rapidly restored, and business resuming in every direction. The miners in Pennsylvania are still on a strike, and great damage has been done to the coal mines, by flooding, &c., which, it is said, will in some cases, require years to repair.

The news for the past week, may be briefly summed up as follows:

At Chicago there were several conflicts between the mob and the police, resulting in several deaths and casualties.

In some places, the citizens and strikers held jointly and promptly in putting down the destructive mob.

In St. Louis, a number of factories where men were employed outside of Railroading, were closed, and much Communistic vaporizing indulged in, but the city authorities, aided by the military and the citizens generally, set everything to rights again.

In Columbus, Ohio, the strikers denounced the mob, and, under the protection of the military, most of the factories and machine shops have resumed work.

There have also been disturbances in San Francisco, California, but quiet reigns again.

The following is about the number killed and wounded during the trouble:

KILLED,

Baltimore..... 8

Pittsburg..... 53

Reading, Pa..... 21

—..... 82

WOUNDED,

Baltimore..... 40

Pittsburg..... 109

Reading..... 40

Total..... 189

The destruction of property will aggregate millions, while the effects upon business is very disastrous.

Emissaries of the strikers visited some of the Virginia Railroads but received nothing more than words of sympathy.

LATEST FROM THE RAILROAD WAR.

At Scranton, Pa., July 31st, the strikers have resolved to go to work at reduced wages.

The strike among several thousand miners continues.

Trains are as yet guarded by the military.—But no freight trains are running West.

Gov. Young, of Ohio, has ordered out 23 companies of militia, to quell some disorders still existing about Columbus and other places.

What Led to the Great Strike.

The Railroad Gazette condemns, in severe terms, the strike of the freight men and brakemen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but seems to state fairly the immediate cause which led it—the principal being the last reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of these employees of the road. The Gazette also gives the daily wages paid in April or May last to the firemen, brakemen.

Baltimore & Balt. \$1.50 a 1.75

Phil. Wil. & Balt. 1.73 a 2.00

Phila. & Erie. 2.00, 2.20, 2.50

Pa. N. J. Divis. 1.90 2.00 2.10

Erie. \$1.76, 2.12, 2.24, 2.36

N.Y. Central and Hudson River. 1.25 1.50 1.75 1.65 2.15

H.Y. New Haven and Hartford 1.73 1.90 1.65

It will be seen that wages were lower on the Baltimore and Ohio than any other road except the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.

SCHIRMER comes full of good things for the season. "North American Grove," is an interesting and finely illustrated article. "Summer Thoughts," is a little gem of poetry. "His Inheritance" bids fair to rival any of the lighter literature of the day.—"A Railroad in the Clouds," describes and illustrates a masterpiece of engineering among the Peruvian Andes. "The Old Boston Road," is a pleasant rural New England sketch. "Canadian Sports" is full of life, fun and frolic, illustrating with pen and pencil the liveliest of the winter sports of the native Canadians. The whole numbers teems with articles of rare merit. Scribner certainly spares no expense and trouble to give its readers the freshest and best literature of the day. It has no superior and scarcely an equal in the world.

ST. NICHOLAS MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY.

NUMBER is just the thing for the young folks. It opens with a fresh and breezy article entitled "The Coral-Fisher's Wife," an Italian story.—"A Village of Wild Beasts" describes the Zoological Gardens of Philadelphia. The illustrations are very fine, especially that of the "Opening of the Lily." "Coral-Fisher's Wife," On-line heads of Lion and Lions, Orioles and Nest, and Illustrations of a Summer in Labrador. This number eclipses all similar periodicals in the world. Every youth fond of reading ought to have this beautiful magazine. Six boys or girls could contribute 50 cents each, and secure the magazine for a year, taking turns in reading it, and at the end of the year sharing the expense of binding.

Murderess to be Punished.

A SIXTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL SENTENCED TO BE HANGED.—TRIAL OF A SUPPOSED ACCESSORY TO THE CRIME.

Our correspondent at Stateville writes that "in the case of Sarah E. Johnson, charged with the killing of her child in June last, whose trial has been the chief feature of the present court, the jury returned a verdict of guilty. It was the policy of her counsel to admit the killing, holding that it was done while defendant was not in her right mind but the plea of insanity was not sustained. The case was one of considerable interest, and public sentiment is somewhat divided as to what should have been the verdict. Several of our physicians were summoned and testified as to the mental status of the girl, and the usual manifestations of insanity. She was proven to have been the offspring of a mother who was in the latter part of her life entirely bereft of reason, giving ground to the counsel for the plea of hereditary insanity. The girl strikes the beholder as being a stolid, stupid character, entirely destitute of the finer sensibilities. This coupled with her extreme youth—being scarcely sixteen years of age—qualifies her crime somewhat, and elicits some sympathy from the community. Sentence of death was passed on her to-day by Judge Schenk, there being no alternative. The time of her execution was set for November 29th.

The trial of Frank Houston, who was indicted as accessory before the fact to the crime of murdering the child of Sarah Johnston—for which the latter was convicted—was concluded at Stateville on

Tuesday evening and resulted in clearing

HEAVY YIELD.—We understand that Eli Gibson, Esq., of Williamson's township, in Richmond county, made 140 bushels of wheat this year on four acres of ground. Two of the acres yielded 100 bushels—50 bushels to the acre. This we consider good farming. Who can beat it?

THE ROBBER BAND.—The good work of investigating the Republican thievery in South Carolina is being pressed vigorously. We mentioned the other day, the arrest of ex-Gov. Moses and ex-Speaker Lee, and at the same time the flight of ex-Treasurer Carden, and that warrant had been issued for the arrest of A. O. Jones, former clerk of the House, and C. W. Montgomery, former President pro tem of the Senate. The two latter have been arrested since that time, and Moses, Lee, Jones and Montgomery are all now in jail in Columbia. A special dispatch from Marion to the Charleston Journal of Commerce, under date of the 26th, states that ex-Secretary of State Hayne left his home in that town Thursday morning, and fled on the northern-bound train, and it is stated by the Charleston News and Courier that Moses is willing to turn State's evidence. Woodruff has been arrested in Philadelphia, and the good work goes bravely on. The developments will be astounding, and the results of the investigations will be to clear the Palmetto State of the whole thieving crew.

Charlotte Observer.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SETTLEMENT.—The New York World shows clearly in what chaotic condition we should now be had not wise counsels adjusted the presidential discussion peacefully. It says:

"In the light of these troubles we may also see what the position of the country would have been if we had been dealing at this time with the question of disputed succession to the presidency. However that dispute might have been carried on, whether with two claimants contending in the courts or elsewhere, or with one claimant inaugurated by force at the capital and left seated because the supporters of the other were unwilling to plunge the country into civil war to unseat him, the results would have been equally disastrous."

This is very true, for a house divided against itself cannot stand. If there were to-day a real conflict of authority at Washington there could be absolutely no power in the country to deal with an insurrection which has got beyond the control of the States.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Johnson of the charge. It will be remembered that Sarah Johnson testified that she committed the deed under the threats of Houston, the reputed father of the child. The trial was a long and interesting one.

Charlotte Observer.

Grant in England.

A REVELATION OF THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE THING.

[From the World.]

The following letter received in this city from an Englishman of distinction as familiar almost with the United States as with England, has been handed us for publication. It opens the way, no doubt, for an interesting series of social revelations:

LONDON, June 30.—Well, General Grant has come and gone, been lionized, dined and wined to his heart's content and beyond, and another link has been forged in the chain which binds together the two great branches of the Anglo Saxon race.

I believe that's the proper way of putting it, but as it always happens on such occasions, there is a disagreeable undercurrent left behind of tales out of school which I suppose will be sure to find their way to the light of day sooner or later.

Perhaps, therefore, there is no objection to my telling you that people were not universally delighted here with the ex-President's ways, and that they were pretty universally disgusted with the ways of some of the people who made social capital for themselves out of his visit or belonging to his suit. In the first place, his silence at most of the dinners which he attended was something absolutely appalling. On two occasions he literally never spoke one word from the soup to the salad. At another dinner he almost broke up the company by objecting to allow the Duke of Cambridge to take precedence of him—this doubtless, on the instigation of Pierrepont.

Worst of all the stories current, however, is that in the Princess of Wales's drawing room at Marlborough House he pulled out an enormous cigar and was going to light it, when somebody stepped up and prevented him. However, he must not be too harshly judged for this, for when Mr. Seward was here twenty years ago, he was taken by Mr. Dallas—in full dress, with ruffled shirt—to a private concert at Birmingham Palace, he insisted on infecting himself with the fumes of a huge Havana just before he went, in spite of a civil hint from Mr. Dallas that the Queen had a strong personal repugnance to tobacco. Moreover it is well known that poor dead Mrs. Thornton, the excellent housekeeper of Windsor Castle, never got over the abominable conduct of Victor Emmanuel, who, visiting the Castle when King of Sardinia, insisted on smoking all night in bed, and thereby, as Mrs. Thornton used to say, "poisoned" the beautiful green satin hangings of his room.

The Russian and Turkish Ministers at Washington.

The Russian Minister and his legation are already on a war-footing, if there is anything in appearances. It is pretty generally known that Shiskin is very stylish and even "swell" in his habits.

He drives about in the handsomest kind of equipage, the harness of his horses being gold-mounted. His coachman is dressed up within an inch of his life with gold braid, shining brass buttons and other attractive fixings. Instead of a footman he has, sitting alongside of his coachman, a Russian soldier armed to the teeth, wearing a long sword and a chapron that from the front to the back is certainly three feet long. His military guard accompanies him everywhere, the theatre, opera, &c., included.

While the Minister is at his residence, this expensively and extravagantly dressed guard, in full uniform, does duty just inside the door, as card bearer, answering all calls. When the Minister goes to the theatre, which is very frequently, the guard remains at the outer door of the theatre and does an imaginary duty there until his master is ready to leave. He then escorts him to the carriage and takes his seat with the coachman.

Shiskin, as well as being celebrated as a military officer, has a very fine record as a diplomat.

On the other hand, the Turkish minister, Bey, makes no attempt at style, and is more American-like in his habits. He is prominent, however, in social life, and figures extensively during the society season. All his legation speak fluently the recognized language of diplomacy, French.

Two old Turks, wearing the familiar dark red turban, with yellow tassel, who are his only male servants, are seen frequently about his house. The master himself, as well as his secretaries and assistants, now and then wear turbans, when they call upon the President, and on other occasions where full court dress is necessary.—*Washington Cor. Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

James Wilkins, a crazy Irishman, committed a crime at Stoneville, Mass., on Thursday which lacks no circumstance of tragic horror. He says that he arose early, said his prayers, took a bath and set out for a walk. On the way he was accosted by a fiend whom the Lord commanded him to destroy. In this mind he entered the hill beyond the Air-Line depot, within the city limits. This property is now owned by Dr. John H. McAden, and the mine has not been worked for many years. The oak thus far taken out has yielded well, and the prospects are that the mine will turn out rich. Several gentlemen were inspecting it yesterday.

THREE BURIALS AT ONE TIME.—Three children, all aged about 18 months, were buried at the same time Sunday afternoon in the burying ground at Centre Church, in the southern part of Iredell county. One of these was a child of Dr. Walter Mott; another, the child of Mr. Jas. H. Thompson, until recently a resident of this city, and the third a child of a widow lady, Mrs. Lipe. The children are said to have died of that fell destroyer, meningitis.

James Wilkins, a crazy Irishman, committed a crime at Stoneville, Mass., on Thursday which lacks no circumstance of tragic horror. He says that he arose early, said his prayers, took a bath and set out for a walk. On the way he was accosted by a fiend whom the Lord commanded him to destroy. In this mind he entered the hill beyond the Air-Line depot, within the city limits. This property is now owned by Dr. John H. McAden, and the mine has not been worked for many years. The oak thus far taken out has yielded well, and the prospects are that the mine will turn out rich. Several gentlemen were inspecting it yesterday.

James Wilkins, a crazy Irishman, committed a crime at Stoneville, Mass., on Thursday which lacks no circumstance of tragic horror. He says that he arose early, said his prayers, took a bath and set out for a walk. On the way he was accosted by a fiend whom the Lord commanded him to destroy. In this mind he entered the hill beyond the Air-Line depot, within the city limits. This property is now owned by Dr. John H. McAden, and the

ON
HINE.
CED!
Established,
Cash \$35.00
" 40.00
Free!
M. JONES,
Salem, N. C.
Caroline Agents
May 17.77

NEWS
PATTERNS.
Handsome Paper
k, L. & Co.,
any white gar-
dren, as well as
may select the
FULKERSON.

ODS
ICE.
OODS
EST.
FULKERSON.

R. GOODS.
WEEK.
ANI.
LOTH, d.c., &c.
2 button KID
at 75c per pair.
FULKERSON.

READY
OODS
andise,
s and Shoes,
Rockery,
erry,

PRICES.
partner, cor-
and friends to call
for goods at
LIBERT.
14-tf.

I. A. BLUM.
CO.,
IN WARE
ERS.
the
on, J. C.
ing, House-
s, &c.
y solicit a con-

REI
LER,
C.
Door from
Stove Depo-
to order all
EDSTEADS,
S., &c.
reasonable terms
attention of th-
ent of
SEATS of E-
E and STOOL-
ICE CHAIRS;
s, &c.
made to furnish
ORT NOTICE.
store and selec-

the most com-
t. Coffin, made
ours, double top-
roughout.
GLER
tion.

are existing and
under the
has this
of both properties,
drawn from the
conducted under
of R. A. Wom-
to form
continuation of
her date.
ART & CO.

BOOK.—A few
serving New
M.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements.—Office hours from 6:30 o'clock, A. M., to 7 P. M., during the week.

TIMES OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAIL.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day except Sunday, at 7:35 P. M.;—due every day, except Sunday, at 11 a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via, Winston, Old Town, Belhaven, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 7 p. m.

MADISON, via, Winston, Sedge Garden, Germanton, Walnut Cove and Saunderson. Closes, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:30 a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 5 p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via, Clemmonsville, Lewisville and Penther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 3 p. m.

FULTON, via, Friedberg, Advanced and Ellington, closes every Friday, at 6:30 A. M. Due every Saturday by 8 A. M.

RICHMOND HILL, via, Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend, closes every Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due every Saturday by 2 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, Esq.

Lodge Directory.

SALEM LODGE, No. 86, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night in the Hall over Sidell's Store, at 6 o'clock. J. H. MARSH, N. G. F. M. KEITH, Secretary.

SALEM ENCAMPMENT, NO. 20, I. O. O. F. Meets second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8 P. M. C. E. CRAVEN, Secretary.

SALEM LODGE, NO. 18, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Wednesday night, same Hall as above, at 8 P. M. J. D. KIRK, Secretary.

SALEM LODGE, NO. 28, A. F. & A. M. Meets on the 1st Thursday in every month, same Hall as above, at 7:30 o'clock. W. G. BARNES, W. M. E. CRAVEN, Secretary.

WINSTON CHAPTER, NO. 24, ROYAL ARCH MASONS. Meets in the Masonic Hall at Winston, each first and third Friday night of every month. C. S. HARRIS, Secy.

WINSTON LODGE, NO. 60, I. O. G. T. Meets in Commissioners' Hall, Salem, every Thursday, at 8 o'clock. J. B. JOHNSON, W. C. T. W. S. COVILL, Jr., Secretary.

LOCAL ITEMS.

1st of August, Wednesday.

ICE CREAM and Soda Water much in demand.

HARDWARE very hard or newly patented fruit papers.

THE MOUNTAIN PARTY returned home last Wednesday.

CAPITAL WEATHER for fruit drying in the sun.

"Little Stars are brightly Shining," the favorite among vocalists.

ONE CENT.—Watermelons only 1 cent per pound.

MR. JAMES HALL is acting as assistant religious instructor in the African Church.

LOW.—Fine white wheat has fallen to \$1.00 per bushel. Red 90 cents.

DUSTERS are worn by many. Bid fair to exclude all other styles.

SCHOOLS.—Several of the private schools have opened with fair attendance.

A vocal and instrumental serenade in our end of town, Thursday night. "I'll remember you in my prayers" was splendid.

FEAT!—A good remedy for heat upon children and older persons, is the free application of flour.

PROFANE SWEARING too freely indulged in on our streets. Don't do it. It annoys the sensitive.

THAMPS.—Occasionally the appearance of these woe-begone itinerants warns our citizens to keep a sharp lookout.

SALMS can boast of a "colored man," who repose so peacefully in an ice house, as on down pillows. Send him to Greenland.

MOONSHINE.—Horses and buggies were continually on the go, those moonlight evenings of last week.

MESSRS. TUCK, WINSTON & CO., decline to pay \$500 for retail lager beer license, so reports say.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR MAN was in town last week, putting up posters. Sleigh bells on the horses were considered rather out of season, but answered the purpose of attraction.

NORTH CAROLINA PEACHES are still bringing fair prices in the Northern market. May our orchardists yet reap a rich harvest, to some extent, at least.

THE PARTY, complimentary to our young friend, W. C. Crist's 21st birthday, given last Friday evening, was one of uninterrupted pleasure. May Willie's future be as bright and pleasant as the gay and happy throng in attendance could wish it.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Enoch Hartman, of Davie county, while at work in the field the other day, accidentally smacked his foot. The wound at first was thought to be slight, but became quite serious.

MISS EVA McCUMBER, of Wilmington, is making a sojourn among friends in town.

REV. MR. WILLIAMS, of Reidsville, is a guest of Mr. A. S. Jones, of this place.

THIEVES are troubling the watermelon patches, destroying ruthlessly both vines and fruit. Some of those impudent chaps are known, as they are on their watch. An old musket might cut short their mad career, some night. Wake 'em up, Joseph!

SUSPICIOUS.—A man, supposed to be a government official, was in town the other day, inquiring for Mr. E. A. Wright, proprietor of William Davis, who addressed a letter to the Government Department, dated Winston, to whom particulars. William Davis, or at least the right one, was not found, and the officer's son, John, was shot.

THIEVES are troubling the watermelon patches, destroying ruthlessly both vines and fruit. Some of those impudent chaps are known, as they are on their watch. An old musket might cut short their mad career, some night. Wake 'em up, Joseph!

MEMORANDUMS in great variety at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT Monday.

BRILLIANT METROPS are much admired.

PATENT FRUIT DRAFFERS are coming into use.

OUT-DOOR KITCHENS quite popular in East Winston.

DRIED FRUIT is coming into market very slowly. Prices rather low.

AN EXCURSION to Beaufort is advertised for the 8th day of August. Fare, round trip \$5.50.

THE EXCURSION to have been here last Friday from Salisbury and Charlotte was a false report.

A RUNAWAY on the streets Friday. No damage. John is too old a hand with the reins.

THE WEATHER for the past week has been the warmest and most oppressive yet experienced this season.

CLEANING UP.—The commissioners of Winston are having the gutters on Main street thoroughly cleansed and repaired.

TAXES.—Messrs. E. P. Alba and John Wimber, Jr., are employed in making out the tax lists for 1877.

THE METHODIST SUNDAY SCHOOL of Winston, will have an excursion to Greensboro shortly, so report says.

THE largest watermelon so far brought to town, pulled 30 odd pounds. Grown by Mr. H. Cronce, at 7:30 o'clock.

COMPETED.—Messrs. Fogle Bros. have completed the front piazza to their dwelling house. It is a neat piece of workmanship.

STRIKE!—It was feared that Tink would join the Railroad strike; but his triggers were not against it.

THE citizens of East Salem anticipate erecting a school-house as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

FARMERS, as a general thing, have laid by the corn crop, and now have a short vacation, rejoicing over bountiful harvests. The corn crop looks unusually promising.

A NEW POST OFFICE has been opened at James' Store, to be called Pine Hall, in Stokes county, on the route from Walnut Cove to Madison.

IT IS A FACT, well worthy of note, that among our many young men, there cannot be found half a dozen who are not engaged in regular employment.

IT would be a good idea not to enforce the hog law during the summer. Swine are great scavengers and would assist materially in keeping the streets clean during the melon and fruit season.

TOBACCO FACTORY.—Messrs. Hanes & Co., have rented a commodious factory in Greensboro, where they will continue operations the remainder of the season. They intend re-building in Winston this fall.

READING CLUB.—There was to have been a call meeting of Young Men's Reading Club, Saturday evening, but the boys didn't come.

We would like to see more interest manifested by our young men in the business affairs of the Reading Room.

THE LARGEST TOMATOES.—Mrs. E. A. Pfahl, of Winston, presented us with several messes of the finest Tomatoes of the season. They were all large and in every way desirable,—the largest weighing twenty-one and one-half ounces.

In case some of our citizens may think that a certain old gentleman, whose smiling countenance has not been seen on the street for several days past, has joined the strikers, we will state that he is indisposed and unable to handle the lines of the Mill Wagon team.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING at the Baptist Church in Winston, Sunday, was a success. Judge Kerr, and several visiting ministers, being well attended by citizens of both towns. The subject and theme brought before the body, were ably discussed by the several visiting brethren of other churches.

We were pleased to hear the introductory sermon, by Rev. P. H. Fossing of Reidsville, as well as the address of his Hon. Judge Kerr, on the "Design of the Lord's Supper." Both gentlemen discussed their subjects in a masterly manner, and drew the strict attention of the well filled house.

READING SERVICE.—Mr. J. H. CLEVELAND, conducted the pulpit of Bethania Moravian Church last Sunday morning. He also held service at Elm Street Sunday School, Salem, in the evening.

MR. JAMES E. HALE, in his first sermon in the Moravian Church, Sunday morning, chose as his theme, the 8th verse of the 9th chap. of Isaiah.

WATER!—A committee of two were appointed at a recent meeting of the Town Commissioners of Winston, to wait upon our Board, relative to the establishment of a sufficient supply of water for both towns, in case of fire.

We hope the matter will be thoroughly discussed and some definite conclusion arrived at.

We learn that a feasible plan to supply this place with water has been matured, to some extent, at least.

PERSONALS.—Miss Emma Miller, is on a visit to Charlotte.

MR. PORTER and LADY, from Greensboro, spent a few days in this place last week.

Miss Eva McCumber, of Wilmington, is making a sojourn among friends in town.

Rev. Mr. Williams, of Reidsville, is a guest of Mr. A. S. Jones, of this place.

THIEVES are troubling the watermelon patches, destroying ruthlessly both vines and fruit.

Some of those impudent chaps are known, as they are on their watch. An old musket might cut short their mad career, some night. Wake 'em up, Joseph!

MEMORANDUMS in great variety at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PICK POCKET.—Mr. F. G. Schum of Winston, had his pocket book containing \$364 stolen from his coat pocket last week. Suspicion rested upon Chas. Wilson alias Calvin Butler, who disappeared about the time the robbery was committed. Mr. Schum hearing that Butler was seen on his way South, travelling towards Charlotte, gave pursuit and apprehended him. Considerable of the money had been deposited at the house of a friend near that city, and was recovered. The thief was returned to Winston, and before a magistrate and bound over in heavy bonds for his appearance at next term of Court.

SUSPICIOUS.—A man, supposed to be a government official, was in town the other day, inquiring for Mr. E. A. Wright, proprietor of William Davis, who addressed a letter to the Government Department, dated Winston, to whom particulars. William Davis, or at least the right one, was not found, and the officer's son, John, was shot.

MEMORANDUMS in great variety at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

WINSTON is to have a Station House and Mayor's Office.

SHIPPED.—100 crates of peaches shipped, Monday. Trade still lively.

THE pavement fronting the Store of Messrs. Hart & Co., has been repaired.

FESTIVAL.—A Festival will be held in Clemmons, on Saturday evening, August 11th, for benefit of the M. E. Church, South. All are cordially invited to attend.

MUD WATER.—A drainage has been dug at Stafford's pond, for the purpose of gaining more head water. The pond had become for the past few years very full filled up.

NO INSOLVENTS in WINSTON.—We learn the insolvent list has "played" as regards town taxes. Those who are not able or refuse to pay will be taken charge of by the constable, placed in the street squad and put to work. Stand from under we say again.—*Republican*.

SHOT AT.—Mr. Eng. Boner was arraigned for trial before W. B. Johnson, Esq., on Thursday, last, charged with having shot at Mr. Parish. Two shots were fired, only one taking effect, passing through the ear of a little boy standing near. Mr. Boner was bound over for his appearance at Fall term of Forsyth County Court.

FIRST WEEK.—Win. J. Thompson, B. Snow, Abner Golding, Riley Baker, Jas. Venable, jr., Pleasant Davis, Albert Dickens, J. H. Nations, Meda A Hall, N. P. Short, Joel York, Joseph Axom, Arch Hines, F. M. Walker, F. C. Lane, C. Arch, J. Spencer Greenwood, H. D. Mosley, John Moore, W. B. Nixon, Daniel Riggs, John Raney, F. W. Norman, Daniel Riggs, John Phillips, L. S. Marion, Jacob Benner, John Deny, Zelie Wright, Barnes Payne, W. S. Redman, A. C. Hamby, James Simpson, Wm. H. Wolfe, John H. Boyles, James W. Jackson.

SECOND WEEK.—Win. E. Stone, Daniel Marion, Wm. A. Belton, S. D. Booker, A. A. Keer, A. Satterfield, J. H. Cokerham, J. M. Fulton, C. H. Givens, Augustus Key, Daniel Haywood, Asbury Crouse, C. W. Ray, Barnes Roberts, S. D. Poor, John H. Sparger, James Chilton, Rufus Roberts. —*Watchman*.

PAYETTEVILLE, July 25.—Bacon, 9 a. 11; Corn, 95; Wheat, \$1.60; Corn Whisky, \$2; Brandy, \$2.50.

RICHMOND.—July 30.—Tobacco ranging from \$4 to \$6 to \$8; Wheat, \$1.50 n. \$1.50; Corn, \$2.50.

CHARLOTTE, July 27.—Corn 80¢ to 85¢; Flour 23¢ to 25¢; Whiskey, \$1.25—\$1.50; Corn, \$1.75.

BALTIMORE, July 30.—Wheat, \$1.50 a

\$1.65; Corn, 67¢ to 68¢.

NEW YORK, July 30.—Flour, \$5.50 and

\$5.65; Corn, 67¢ to 68¢.

McGOWAN'S POST

ATLANTIC CITY Agricultural.

Better Than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasure, the always pleasant;
A heart that has felt for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
The whole world, and more than gold.

WEALTH IS GOLD, but it can't be sold.

Though toiling for bread in an humble
sphere;

Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by the lust of care or wealth,

Lowly living and lufty thought;

Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;

For man and morals, on nature's plan,

Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

BETTER THAN GOLD is the sweet repose.

Of the sons of toil when their labors close;

Better than gold is the good man's sleep,

And the balm that drops on his slumbers

deep.

Bring many changes to the lower world,

What often follows will bring him back;

His simpler, sparser labor deems

A shorter road to the land of dreams.

BETTER THAN GOLD is the thinking mind,

That in the realm of books can find

A treasure surpassing Australian ore,

And live with the great and good of yore.

The sage's lore and the poet's lay;

The glories of empires passed away;

The world's great drama will then unfold

And yield a pleasure better than gold.

BETTER THAN GOLD is a peaceful home,

Where all the freights of life come

The shrill note of the human heart,

Moved by mother's voice, sister's smile,

Heavenly humbles the human heart,

Or fills it with heaven's decree,

The blessings that never were bought and

sold.

And none there, are better than gold.

HUMOROUS.

A TRUE FISH STORY—Brother Lafferty and the Shark Jonah and his Whale Escaped.

Editorial Correspondence—Baltimore, Christian Advocate.

The Panmunki reminded us of a fish story.—So I told it to Brother Peterson. It ran this way: A shark came up that river. A citizen saw it, took a sturgeon harpoon, went out in a canoe, sent the steel barb into the shark. The shark darted. The cord to the harpoon hung in the bow of the boat, and that end of the canoe started under the water. The man jumped to the stern and leaped back over the rubber to keep the front from slipping. The shark was doing its best, making (say roughly) fifteen miles an hour. The fisherman could not go forward to unhook the cord, for the boat would go right under like a mole in a plowed field, but quicker. So the man had to "run" back like he was driving a fast horse in a sulky before his sweetheart's house. His neighbor hailed him from the bank but he hadn't time to talk. They went home and told their wives, and wondered. The boatmen on the river shouted at him as he swam by. He was going too fast to answer. The shark turned out of the Panmunki into the York. Capsized in a river three miles wide, and a mad shark close by was an ugly thought. The man wished he had been from home the day the shark came by his house, and was "regretful" generally. The shark made a wide circle in the York, and returned up the Panmunki, and, nearly opposite the starting point, suddenly stopped, rose to the top—dead. The man was glad.

Now, this is not a small story. It is of the Centennial, Krupp Gun Calibre. I watched Brother Peterson. He didn't seem to give away under it as I liked. He took a fresh bite of tobacco, and said: "I know a bigger one." "Tell it," I will. In Charleston harbor a fish swallowed the anchor of a schooner, put out and dove into the vessel under." "Oh," said I, "that's awful. Mine was a true story. I never told it to anyone for it." Brother Peterson said, "I'll tell it in a second or so, and save you from a bad night." I thought he knew what he was about. A schooner against a canoe, and a shark against a Presiding Elder, the odds were about even; worse than the 8 to 7. "It was no use," to attempt Goliath with a pocket pistol. As at Appomattox, yielding to superior numbers and overwhelming resources! I quit.

FINDING IT OUT.

A story is told of the daughter of a prominent man in the lecture field, which is peculiarly interesting and suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and guest by the abrupt question:

"Where's your wife?"

Now the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was taken so completely by surprise that he stammered for the truth:

"I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the infant terrible.

"Why don't you know?"

Finding that the child persisted in her interrogations, despite the mild reproof of her parents, he concluded to make it clear, though of the matter, and have it over at once. So he said, with a calmness which was full of inward explosives:

"Well, we don't live together; we think, as we can't prove what happened."

CALM AND COOL. The child grew silent, and her parents darted an exasperated look at her. But the little tormentor would not be quiet until she exclaimed:

"Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out like pa and ma do?"

"Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the woman, who had just emerged from a book of holy horrors followed by the inevitable roar.

A young girl from the country, being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to the meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house, which his young friend, he said, "had just like the meeting." To which she replied, "No, it's not like the meeting." "Why? I can see no sense in it—no go and sit for whole hours without speaking a word. It is enough to kill him!" "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

ATLANTIC CITY Agricultural.



Paragraphs for the Farmer.

Missouri offers a reward of \$10,000 for a sure cure for hog cholera.

The sugar-cane crop is very promising in Louisiana this year. In most other countries it is short.

According to all accounts more potatoes are planted in Illinois this season than were ever planted a season before.

A Georgetown, Florida, man is digging Irish potatoes that yield at the rate of two hundred bushels per acre. They were planted the middle of January.

Never trim the hair from the ear of your horse. It is placed there by nature to protect the orbits and drum of the ear from insects dirt, and sudden change of weather.

The Connecticut farmers are not planting as much tobacco this year as usual, owing to the falling off in price and to a slight demand for the quality grown there, which is of a lighter color than that grown near the Ohio river. A dark color is the fashion.

Tobacco seeds fit well, then dry in a dark place and bind on a corn at night. If white in the morning, it can be easily extracted. A very bad crop may take several applications before a cure is effected. We have never tried it, but have good authority for thinking it will effect a cure.

Barrels made of pasteboard have been introduced this spring for the packing away of woolens and furs. These are seamless and regarded as moth proof. The head, which fits differently, is made of leather entrance for the moth, and directions are given to paste a layer of brown paper over this almost invisible line when the barrel is packed.

Financially, the farmer is the safest man in the country. Of 1,112 bankrupts last year in Massachusetts, only fourteen were farmers, yet the farming community numbers full half the population. The people must live, and while the use of luxuries may be diminished by hard times, there will always be a call for the produce of the farm. Farming has, of course, felt the general depression in business.

Reports from California sheep-raisers are of a discouraging character, and the probabilities are that the fall crop will be far below that of last year. Advice states that fully one-half or two-thirds of the sheep have already perished of starvation, and that the few good pastures in the mountains, occupied by flocks, are guarded by men heavily armed and determined to protect their flocks against all course. Sheep in some of the southern countries are freely offered at five cents a head, and in others half of the flock are offered for pastures of the whole.

Almost every farmer troubled with rats, either at his barn or his house. A correspondent of the Practical Farmer gives the following which he calls the German plan, and recommends it, after years of trial, as safe and successful: "Mix calcined plaster such as plasterers use to make 'hard finish' on walls, one-third of the plaster with two-thirds corn meal; mix dry and place it where it will keep dry, unless in cold hours for instance; the action of the mixture as soon as it comes in contact with the moisture of the stomach is this: The plaster sets, becomes stone, and death to the rat is the sure result, and should the pigs, cats, or dogs eat the rat, the trouble ceases as the plaster is already set. You may readily grind it."

"There is a lesson in each flower; A story in each stream and bower; On every herb over which we tread, We written words which, rightly read, Will lead us from earth's fragrant soil, To hope, to holiness, and to God."

SLAUGHTERING ANIMALS.

It has been discovered by a French chemist that the flesh of animals which are killed in the latter part of the night will keep much longer without salting than if killed in the day time. This proves that the flesh is better fitted for keeping when the life and blood are taken from the animal at the time the temperature is the lowest and respiration is the least active. Hence the reason that the flesh from animals that have been highly heated or driven will scarcely keep at all.

It is now no discovery that the meat of an animal killed after rest will keep better than that killed immediately after exercise. As animals rest at night, the meat will, of course, be better in the morning.

The reason why the above facts are so is this: Exercise draws the blood to the extremities and distributes it through all the veins. After rest it gradually returns to the vitals and circulates more sluggishly. Of course, if an animal is then killed, the arteries and large veins being cut, the blood is at once emptied.

But, if killed while the blood is at the surface, distributed through the small veins, it will be discharged: As blood corrupts sooner than flesh, the meat spoils.

California farmers are cultivating fig trees for the sole purpose of raising and fattening hogs. This fruit contains large quantities of saccharine matter, hence is very fattening. The figs are all sorted, requires little attention, bears several crops a year, and is very profitable.

A gentleman of Dougherty county, Ga., expects some of his land to produce \$500 per acre. These acres were planted in peaches, apples, figs, pecans and almonds, all of which bear fruit in that part of the State.

JOB PRINTING. Of every description done at this Office, in First-Class Style, and upon the most reasonable terms.

CHROMOS. Cheap Chromos, small Chromos, Bigger Chromos.

MOUNT AIRY White Sulphur Springs.

THIS DELIGHTFUL SUMMER RESORT will be open for the reception of visitors on the 10th OF JUNE.

Stages run through from Salem and Winston to the Springs on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Board per Month.....\$3.00
" Week.....\$2.00
" Day.....\$1.00

Children under twelve and over two years old, and colored servants, half price. Stage fare from Salem and Winston to the Springs, \$4.00

L. B. WALLER, MANAGER

May 31st, 1877.

TUTT'S PILLS

A Noted Divine says

They are worth their weight in gold.

READ WHAT HE SAYS.

Dr. TUTT'S Dear Sirs: Your letter was received and I thank you for it. I am sending you a sample of my pills. I have given them to many patients with little faith. I am now a well man, have gone, and have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

Rev. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE HEADACHE

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE DYSPEPSIA

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE CONSTIPATION

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE FIBERS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE FEVER AND AGUE

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE TORPID LIVER

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE RHEUMATIC DISEASE

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE RHEUMATISM

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE SCROPHULOSIS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE SKIN DISEASES

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE SPLEEN

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE STOMACH

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE TUBERCULOSIS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE ULCERS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE VENereal DISEASES

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE WORMS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE YAWNS

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE YEAST

TUTT'S PILLS

CURE YEAST